

The Story Club

by Edmund Vance Cooke

THE NEAR-EYED DOCTOR Part II.

We want a—why do you squint your eyes so? asked the king, irritably.

"Ah-um-er, having just come from the sunlight, the comparative brilliancy of her majesty's beauty dazzles them."

"As the king was about to remark," observed the queen, "we want, in fact we must have a—

and the air so dry have quite ruined the son-and-heir crop. I assure you I have already a dozen buds in my entire conservatory. None of them at all fit for your majesties."

"We are worse ruined than the crop," said the king, "if you do not deliver us a boy, and so are you. I shall strip you of your honors and your wig, place eye-glasses on your nose and a near-



what are those marks on your nose?"

The doctor hastily covered the marks of the eye-glasses and answered, "Ah-um-er, my latest cure for hay fever, your graciousness. We pinch the nose to prevent the sneeze."

"We don't want a cure for sneeziness. We want a cure for boylessness. We must have a son and heir."

"Ah, yes, yes. The sun so warm

trumpet in your hand and proclaim you what you are. Ha! ha! you blench. A boy, then, a hoy!"

"Certainly, your majesties," gasped the terrified doctor, "I shall look under every cabbage-leaf, I shall search stork's nest, I shall examine the fruit of the mangrove. I shall, indeed, I shall!"

So the queen told her lady-in-waiting and she told the first maid of honor, who whispered it to her mother, who was also the